



1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#176 | 27 juin 1925

Le fait que Howard savait que son mariage était de plus en plus menacé, mais qu'il pouvait encore le sauver s'il parvenait à obtenir une plus grande sécurité

financière (une possibilité qui lui semblait de plus en plus lointaine), le tourmentait intérieurement pendant ses derniers mois à New York. Chaque fois que je le voyais, j'étais choqué par son changement d'apparence. Il avait perdu beaucoup de poids, avait l'air hagard d'un homme qui accumulait des nuits blanches hanté par une impasse qu'il était incapable de résoudre.

Ce n'était bien sûr pas seulement son mariage, c'était le sentiment qu'il ne pouvait plus supporter de vivre à New York. Sa désillusion vis-à-vis de la ville était devenue si prononcée qu'il redoutait de retourner à la pension de Clinton

Street, craignant que les gens qu'il croisait dans la rue ne constituent une menace pour sa santé mentale, simplement à cause de ce qui était devenu pour lui un sentiment d'aliénation intolérable, presque sinistre. Ma mère comprit rapidement que sa santé mentale pourrait effectivement être en danger si un autre mois s'écoulait sans perspective de secours et écrivit une longue lettre à ses tantes, décrivant la situation en détail. Je doute que Sonia ait même eu connaissance de cette lettre. En tout cas, elle n'en a jamais fait mention lorsqu'elle a évoqué cette période. Deux jours plus tard, une lettre de Mme Clark arriva à la pension de Brooklyn avec le courrier du matin, accompagnée d'un billet de train et d'un petit chèque.

Très peu de temps après — je ne sais plus exactement, mais je crois me souvenir que cela ne prit pas plus de dix jours —, Howard était dans un train à destination de Providence, après m'avoir dit au revoir à la gare.

Nous voilà presque à mi-parcours. Aujourd'hui, Sonia et Howard retrouvent Frank Belknap Long, vont ensemble en promenade à Inwood. Alors j'emprunte à « Sonny » ce qui sera, dans la suite du parcours, son exact terme.

[1925, samedi 27 juin]

Up early — wrote — U. A. proofs — lunch — out with SH to meet Belknap at Inwood — LDC///met Sonny — explored Inwood — wild ravine & steep cliff — views — rustic road — car to 181 st. Ft. Wash. Barnard Cloister — down to Tunnel St. — sub — home — Sonny lv. 96 — Scotch Bakery — SAT. cont : dinner — read U A proofs — out to mail them 11 p.m — retire.

Levé tôt. Écrit. Reçu épreuves du United Amateurs. Déjeuner. On sort avec Sonia pour rejoindre Belknap à Inwood. Lillian. Retrouvé Sonny. Exploration d'Innwood. Le ravin sauvage et la grande falaise.

Panorama. Chemin de ferme. Puis taxi pour revenir 181ème rue jusqu'au Fort Washington pour le Barnard Cloister. Descendu par Tunnel Street. Métro. Maison. Sonny descend à la 96ème. On s'arrête à la Boulangerie écossaise. Suite du samedi : dîner, à nouveau lecture des épreuves, je vais les poster à 23 h. Couché.

Presque six lignes de carnet, on a de la chance. Deux vies dans une seule aujourd’hui, si recevoir des épreuves d’imprimerie est ce qui atteste matériellement de votre situation symbolique d’auteur. Lovecraft est l’éditeur responsable, une nouvelle fois, de ce volume annuel de l’association de journalisme amateur. Correction assidue et crayon à la main, ça n’a pas changé. Sauf qu’ici c’est une publication énorme, toute surchargée de textes non littéraires. Il reprendra le soir, et il nous faut visualiser aussi ces bureaux de poste ouverts sans interruption, ce n’est pas la première fois que Lovecraft ressort de chez lui en pleine nuit pour une lettre ou un envoi. Et à nouveau Inwood, puis le cloître Barnard, tout récemment devenu la propriété du Metropolitan Museum (avec l’argent des Rockefeller) : un morceau du vieux passé de l’Europe démonté pierre à pierre un peu partout et reconstruit dans ces hauts de New York comme une synthèse (3D ? dirions-nous aujourd’hui) d’abbaye impossible. Une réflexion intéressante sur la notion de *paysage urbain* (le titre de Walter Benjamin dix ans plus tard) : on est encore dans la ville, puisqu’on est venu en métro ou en bus, mais on remet ses pas exactement dans la promenade de la semaine précédente, sauf qu’on amène un spectateur témoin. Et qu’à ce témoin (Frank Belknap Long, dit Sonny, le plus proche ami du couple et que Lovecraft continuera de visiter, ou bien les Belknap passant le prendre à Providence pour de longues échappées automobiles à Cape Cod ou dans le Massachusetts) on montre directement non pas le paysage en tant que tel, mais des points précis qui éliminent la ville (Harlem, le Bronx)

immédiatement proches : l'encaissement de l'Hudson sous sa falaise, et un bout de chemin qui semble un chemin de ferme. Est-ce pour raisonner avec lui d'un déménagement éventuel aux portes de New York ? On ne saura pas. À rapprocher seulement de réflexions qui reviennent souvent chez Lovecraft : au-delà de la colline de Providence, quand adolescent il écumait son coin de ville à bicyclette, commençait de suite une campagne luxuriante et sauvage, avec ces arbres fantomatiques et ces ravins qu'on retrouvera par exemple dans *La peur en embuscade* — ce rapport à la nature quasi vierge, mais dans laquelle la vie urbaine peut encore nous faire soudain basculer, est un des éléments structurants de son imaginaire. Dans le journal : à New York avant-hier la lèpre, aujourd'hui la typhoïde. À Québec, un remorqueur vient à la rencontre d'un paquebot, collision par le travers : les neufs membres de l'équipage sont noyés, ou tués par l'explosion de leur chaudière au moment du naufrage. « En espérant qu'ils me montrent ainsi plus de respect et considération que durant ma vie », le défunt James M. Reid interdit à ses dix enfants de toucher leur part d'héritage avant leurs 50 ans. Quatre arrestations dans une imprimerie, pour avoir repris le livre *Ma vie* de Frank Harris, biographe d'Oscar Wilde, d'abord publié et imprimé à Paris et non destiné à diffusion commerciale : qui est le dénonciateur ? La magie à New York ou Providence de ces escaliers de secours au ras des façades : ça peut sauver un parachutiste.

New York Times, 27 juin 1925. Des pamphlets citant le rapport officiel sur la récente propagation de typhoïde dans la ville de New York, soumis à la commission d'enquête de Frank J Monaghan par le Dr Louis I Harris, que de nombreux médecins ou services de santé ont reçu par la poste dans toute la ville, fournissent des données précises après l'épidémie de cet hiver. Une grande partie de ce rapport tend à montrer que l'épidémie, hors quelques cas sporadiques, est due à l'ingestion de coquillages. 78 % des cas au-dessus de la normale sont censés être dus à cette cause. Un autre point souligné par le rapport est que, contrairement à la croyance générale que les personnes de plus de 45 ans seraient moins affectées par la maladie, les personnes âgées sont des victimes désignées de l'épidémie. Le rapport du Dr Harris montre que 10 % des 914 cas répertoriés de l'épidémie de l'an dernier sont advenus pour des personnes de plus de 45 ans. L'approvisionnement en lait de New York, un temps suspecté d'être la cause de l'épidémie, est totalement innocenté dans ce rapport.

RAID PLANT, SEIZE BOOKS AS OBSCENE

Police Confiscate 298 Copies of "My Life," by Frank Harris, and Arrest 4 Men.

FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

Attorney for Printers Says Clients Are Not Sellers—Mystery About Complainant.

Police from the Special Service Division yesterday raided the Up-to-Date Printing Company at 195 Canal Street, arrested four men and confiscated 298 copies of the second volume of "My Life," by Frank Harris, author, critic and former editor of Pearson's Magazine.

Those arrested were Nathan Pomerantz, president of the printing concern; Hman Mellstein, Secretary; Harry Mishkin, manager, and Essar Levine, who described himself as a student. It was said that Levine assumed responsibility for having the book published at the raided plant. All four were charged with violating Section 1,141 of the Penal law, which forbids the publication and circulation of obscene and immoral literature.

Sergeant Penella and two others of the Special Service Division made the raid and arrests. The books and prisoners were taken to Oak Street Station, where the books were held as evidence to be used this morning in Tombs Court, when the four men will be arraigned.

Louis Waldman of Waldman & Lieberman, attorneys, at 302 Broadway, arranged for bail of \$500 each for the prisoners. According to Waldman, Penella made the raid without a search warrant.

"When the raid was being pulled I was called over to the printing office and I asked for the warrant," Waldman said. "They didn't have any and I protested. They have no right to make a raid, conduct a search and confiscate property like that without a warrant."

The attorney said that the book was being privately printed for distribution among friends of Harris and that his clients were not concerned in any way with the selling or publication of the book except as printers. He asked who had made the complaint. Waldman said that undoubtedly John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, was responsible for it. The police, when asked who made the complaint, said that that information was "confidential."

At his home last night Mr. Sumner said that he did not make the complaint, but would certainly have acted had he known that such a book was being printed here. "After the arrest the police asked me if I would cooperate with them in the case," he said, "and I told them that I would. I do not know who made the complaint."

In the vicinity of Oak Street Station, the headquarters of the Special Service Division, no report of the raid and arrests had been received last night, according to the officer in charge. He said that ordinarily such a report would not come in until this morning. At Oak Street Station the licensees, on duty, said that he did not know who the complainant was. The records there show 250 books under seal, eighteen less than the number confiscated, according to Waldman. The printing order called for 1,000, and according to Waldman only 298, the number confiscated, had come from the presses.

The first volume of "My Life" was published privately in Paris by the author who, it was said yesterday, is now living there. In 1918, while Harris was connected with Pearson's magazine, the August issue was suppressed in Paris because of an article "Why I Wore Men's Clothes," supposed to have been written by a girl, but later credited to Guido Bruno. Harris's best known work was a biography of Oscar Wilde.

GIVES DATA ON TYPHOID.

City Health Department Lays Recent Outbreak to Shellfish.

Pamphlets which contain an official report on the recent typhoid fever outbreak in New York City, submitted to Commissioner Frank J. Monaghan by Dr. Louis I. Harris, and which are being mailed to physicians throughout the city and to welfare and health societies in the five boroughs, contain data and detail on the findings of the department after careful study since the cessation of the epidemic last winter.

A large part of the report is directed to showing that the outbreak, except for certain sporadic cases, was due to shellfish. Seventy-eight per cent. of the cases above normal are said to have been due to this cause.

Another point brought out in the report is that, contrary to general belief that persons more than 45 years old need have little fear of contracting the disease, persons beyond that age are decidedly liable to the contagion. Dr. Harris's report shows that 10 per cent. of the 914 cases found in the outbreak last winter occurred among people more than 45 years old.

The milk supply in New York City, for a time thought to be partly involved as a source of infection, is completely absolved in the report.

Parachute Jumper Clings to Fire Escape; Ball Ground Backstop Stops Another

A fire-escape served an unusual purpose and rescued one parachute jumper from the air, while a rabbit-wire baseball backstop stopped another yesterday at Bayonne, where the Veterans of Foreign Wars held their sixth annual encampment.

The fire-escape which entered a new field of service was on a four-story brick building at Hudson Boulevard and Twenty-first Street.

The refuge from an unexpected element was Chief Petty Officer Alva Starr, who had been dropped at a height of 2,000 feet by a bomber from Miller Field, S. I. Starr intended to land in City Park where the veteran encampment was being held, but the wind blew him away and over sea.

As he descended, he was in peril of a collision with the side of a building, which might have rendered the parachute useless and caused him to fall

with all his weight. By careful maneuvering Starr came alongside the fire-escape, seized it and made it prove itself an all-around life-saver.

Chief Petty Officer L. H. Ford of the Shenandoah dropped from the dirigible as it was cruising at a height of 1,400 feet over Bayonne earlier in the day and descended in City Park.

As he fell through the clouds, Ford clutched against the wire netting of tall baseball backstop, but he shoved away with his foot and a second later landed lightly on the baseball diamond. He delivered a message of congratulation to the veterans, who were gathered down to E. J. Benson, head of the veterans in New Jersey.

At the campsite of the Shenandoah flew over to Asbury Park, where the Elks were holding a convention, and then landed in the neighborhood, in a crowd about for two hours before finally returning to the hangar. It was in the air for 10 minutes and had a successful flight in all respects.

Bars Estate From 6 Children Till They Are 50, In the Hope They Will Learn Respect for Him

Special to The New York Times.

WHITE PLAINS, June 26.—The six children of the late James M. Reid, who died at Graceland Springs, Westchester County, on June 5, last, will receive no part of his estate, according to his will, until they are 50 years old. "In the hope and expectation that they will have developed a greater degree of respect for money and property than their father than they have shown during my lifetime,"

Mr. Reid was a builder and contractor. He built three of Mount Vernon's houses and several apartment houses.

Mrs. Emily Reid, his widow, of 314 South Fifth Avenue, New York, with whom several of the children live, is cut off with only her dower share.

Although Reid is reported to have left a large estate, the partition accompanying the will, for the present, today

with Surrogate George A. Slater, places the value of the real estate at \$16,000 and of the personal property

at over \$10,000.

The will, regarded as one of the most

unusual ever filed in Westchester County, was dated April 24, 1922, and named the Mount Vernon Trust Company as the executor.

The company is authorized to collect all of the rents and interest and to reinvest the money. Reid directed in the will that all of the money be divided among the six children and equal shares paid to the children as they reached the stipulated age of 50 years.

Reid provided in the will in the event of the death of any of the children, their children should receive their share undivided among the survivors equally.

The heirs of any of the children who die before reaching the age of 50, the provisions of the will could be carried out will receive nothing, according to the

The children affected by the will are: Maxwell Reid of 314 South Fifth Avenue, Mount Vernon; Maxwell Reid of 19 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; Gates E. Ronney of Cos Cob, Conn., and Alice Reid of Greenwich, Conn. Their ages range from 17 to 34 years.

Liner Sinks Quebec Tug With Nine Aboard; Boilers Explode as Tiny Craft Is Cut in Two

Special to The New York Times.

QUEBEC, June 26.—One of the worst marine tragedies that have struck Quebec since the sinking of the liner Empress of Ireland happened this evening when the tug Ocean King, owned by the St. John Dry Dock Company, was rammed by the Canadian Pacific liner Marloch and sent to the bottom. The crew of nine was drowned.

The tug was out on her customary job of towing in the big liner.

As she neared the Marloch preparatory to taking aboard the huge hawser that is stretched from liner to tug she crossed the bow of the liner. Captain Stevens, skipper of the ill-fated craft, saw that he was too near the Marloch and spun the wheel around, causing

the little vessel to list, with the result that she was rammed amidships by the Marloch, turned completely over, and sent to the bottom, her boilers exploding as soon as the water reached them.

The spot where the vessel went down records fifty feet of water at low tide, and seventy at high tide, and there is little hope of recovering any of the bodies tonight.

The mishap occurred in full view of many people who were in Dufferin Terrace, taking their nightly stroll. But except for a churning of the waters following the explosion of the tug's boilers and the settling of the ship into the water, nothing disturbed the placid surface of the majestic St. Lawrence.

Dubonnet Night Cap Cigars, 5 cents.
United Cigar Stores Co.—Advt.

Half price matinee today, Ziegfeld great
success, Leon Errol in "Louis the 14th."
Cosmopolitan Theatre, Columbus Cir.—Advt.

L'une des pires tragédies maritimes qui ait frappé le Québec depuis le naufrage du paquebot Empress of Ireland s'est produite ce soir lorsque le remorqueur Ocean King, appartenant à la St. John Dry Dock Company, a été percuté par le paquebot Marloch de la Canadian Pacific et coulé. Les neuf membres d'équipage ont péri noyés. Le remorqueur effectuait sa tâche habituelle qui consistait à remorquer le grand paquebot. Alors qu'il s'approchait du Marloch pour prendre à bord l'énorme haussière qui relie le paquebot au remorqueur, il a croisé la proue du paquebot. Le capitaine Stevens, commandant du navire malheureux, s'est rendu compte qu'il était trop près du Marloch et a tourné la barre, provoquant une gîte du petit navire, qui a été percuté au milieu par le Marloch, s'est complètement retourné et a coulé, ses chaudières explosant dès que l'eau les a atteintes. L'endroit où le navire a coulé se trouve à 15 mètres de profondeur à marée basse et à 21 mètres à marée haute, et il y a peu d'espoir de retrouver les corps cette nuit. L'accident s'est produit sous les yeux de nombreuses personnes qui se promenaient sur Dufferin Terrace. Mais à part le remous causé par l'explosion des chaudières du remorqueur et l'enfoncement du navire dans l'eau, rien n'a troublé la surface paisible du majestueux Saint-Laurent.

WILLIE MACFARLANE
PROFESSIONAL OAK RIDGE GOLF CLUB
TUCKAHOE, N.Y.

June 14, 1925.

John Ward Men's Shoes
191 Hudson Street
New York City

Gentlemen:-

You asked me if I wore John Ward Shoes during the championship match. I certainly did and what is more I wore the same pair of shoes from Monday afternoon until Friday evening, playing no less than 144 holes during that time.

I had used your shoes for two months or more and on my first day at Worcester we had some rain. I had the shoes dried but whoever did the job put them on some very hot pipes and cracked the sole of one of them. Nevertheless, they felt just the same and I forgot I had feet for the rest of the week.

I might add that from what I understand it was never less than 65 in the shade and, of course, we can't play golf in the shade. We had to be out in the sun where it was between 105 and 110. As you know it is customary to be changing shoes after every round to rest your feet as feet are very important factors in playing golf. But, as I have already stated, I wore the same pair of John Ward's throughout the match and forgot to worry about shoes and feet.

Sincerely yours,

Willie Macfarlane



WILLIE MACFARLANE wearing a pair of John Ward Thorny Grip Golf Shoes — \$9. The soles, with 61 soft rubber spikes, are patented.

FEET ar very important in playing golf—

that's why Willie Macfarlane wears John Wards!

THERE isn't much we can add to this frank, friendly letter from Willie Macfarlane—the new National Open Golf Champion. When he went into the classic tournament at Worcester, he naturally wanted to play the game of his life--and he did!

He wanted everything he wore and used to help him to the limit. He chose a pair of John Ward's that he had already worn two months. They were old friends. He knew what they'd do—and they did it!

You, too, should be wearing John Ward's golf and other sport shoes. Designed by men who know shoes and who know sports as well. And because we sell so many of them, you can

buy John Wards at \$7 and \$9 that you can't equal elsewhere at less than from three to five dollars more.

Golf Hosiery as well. In all John Ward Stores you will find what we believe to be the most extensive assortment of golf hose to be found anywhere. Every popular color, design and pattern. Unbeatable values!—from smashing bargains at \$1 to imported aristocrats at \$5.

John Ward Golf Shop

And here's a new one for you—a complete Golf Shop in our store at Broadway and 38th Street—the biggest men's shop shop in the world. Here you can select whatever you need for golf. A competent professional to assist. All A. G. Spalding & Brothers products.

John Ward Men's Shoes Inc.

NEW YORK

BROOKLYN

NEWARK

PHILADELPHIA